

Prince of Orange, suspended our success. This resistance, far from discouraging Marshal Key, revived in him an energy which he had not before shown. He attacked the Anglo-Hollanders with fury, and drove them back to the skirts of the wood of Bossu. The 1st regiment of chasseurs and 6th of lancers overthrew the Brunswickers; the 8th of cuirassiers positively rode over two Scotch battalions, and took from them a color. The 11th, equally intrepid, pursued them to the entrance of the wood; but the wood, which had not been examined, was lined with English infantry. Our cuirassiers were assailed by a fire at arm's-length, which at once carried dismay and confusion into their ranks. Some of the officers, lately incorporated with them, instead of appeasing the disorder, increased it by shouts of "Every one for himself" (*Sauve qui peut!*). This disorder, which in a moment spread from one to another as far as Beaumont, might have occasioned greater disasters if the infantry of General Foy, which remained unshaken, had not continued to sustain the conflict with equal perseverance and intrepidity.

Marshal Ney, who had with him not more than 20,000 men, was desirous of causing the 1st corps, which he had left in the rear, to advance; but the Emperor, as I have said above, had sent immediate orders to Comte d'Erlon, who commanded it, to rejoin him, and this general had commenced his march. Ney when he heard this was exposed to a crossfire from the enemy's batteries. "Do you see those bullets?" exclaimed he, his brow clouded with despair: "I wish they would all pass through my body." Instantly he sent with all speed after Comte d'Erlon, and directed him, whatever orders he might have received from the Emperor himself, to return. Comte d'Erlon was so unfortunate and weak as to obey. He brought his troops back to the Marshal, but it was nine o'clock in the evening, and the Marshal, dispirited by the checks he had received, and dissatisfied with himself and others, had discontinued the engagement.

The Duke of Wellington, whose forces had been increased successively to upwards of 50,000 men, retired in good order during the night to Genappe.

Marshal Ney was indebted to the great bravery of his troops and the firmness of his generals for the honor of not being obliged to abandon his positions.

The desperation with which this battle was fought made those shudder who were most habituated to contemplate with coolness the horrors of war. The smoking ruins of Ligny and St. Amand were heaped with the dead and the dying; the ravine before Ligny resembled a river of blood, on which carcasses were floating: at Quatre Bras there was a similar spectacle! The hollow way that skirted the wood had disappeared under the bloody corpses of the brave Scotch and of our cuirassiers. The Imperial Guard was everywhere distinguished by its murderous rage: it fought with shouts of "The Emperor forever! No quarter!" The corps of General Gerard displayed the same animosity. It was this corps that,